

Guru Nanak

**The Man Prophet
(1459-1539 A.D.)**

Lover of Mankind

By & British Administrator

Calcutta Review September 1859 Second Volume

Edited by

Bhai Nahar Singh M.A.

Bhai Kirpal Singh

GOBIND SADAN

Published by

SURH AMRIT JATHA, Chandigarh

Guru Nanak (1469-1539) Punjab, Hindustan Subcontinent. Birth at Talwandi in Sheikhpura District at present in Pakistan (since 1947).

Death at Kartarpur in District Sialkot Pakistan.

Guru Nanak, the Man-Prophet of Hindustan lived during the middle ages, when the people of Hindustan subcontinent believing in Popular Hinduism of Brahmanic Priest-hood, Jainism, and Mohamadarism lived side by side in towns and villages having the same ancestor a few generations ago, or a few hundred years back. The new religion originated in the subcontinent did not effect the mutual social behaviour and personal relations to a greater estrangement, especially in the static cultivating communities, in the rural areas, and small towns.

It is a matter of happiness that the new generation of the Sikh People is keenly interested in the study of their religion especially; the lives of their successive ten Gurus, (1469-1708), their teachings and their followers, The Nanak Panth and Khalsa Panthies.

In this connection it is essential to know "WHAT OTHERS SAY?" Some of the British administrators of the Indian subcontinent have left thoughtful notes and articles on the subject. We have collected such from several sources.

The present article was Published in the September issue 1859 of "CALCUTTA REVIEW", a decade after the annexation of the truncated Sikh Empire or Khalsa Darbar. "Maharaja Dalip Singh" the last Sikh Emperor, was Born at Lahore in 1837, died in 1893 in Paris, France as a State Prisoner.

The author has not given his name. His narrative regarding the Sikh Gurus especially Guru Nanak Dev Ji and Guru Gobind Singh (1667-1708) is sensible and thoughtful. His remarks regarding the Bedies, Sadhies, and Raja Taja Singh particularly, are of historic value. He openly says, that the Raja a Brahmin of U P sold the Sikh Army to us at Sabraon and that he draws more pension from Punjab Treasury than the deposed Maharaja Dalip Singh, in England Since 1853. as a state prisoner.

We are greatly indebted to Baba Virsa Singh ji of Gobind Sadan, New Delhi for his liberal financial help to collect source material of the history of the Sikh people from National Archives of India New Delhi and other sources, from 1982.

We thankfully pay our gratitude to Sardar Surinder Singh Bindra of 1655 Sector 34 Chandigarh for publishing the above article in pamphlet form. No doubt, the readers particularly the Sikhs will draw their conclusions, after going through it.

Bhai Nahar Singh M.A.
Bhai Kirpal Singh
Gobind Sadan
V. Gadaipur P.O. Mehrauli,
New Delhi.

13th April, 1993

After the partition of Hindustan August 1947 into two countries, 50 Temples associated with the four preceptors Guru Nanak, Guru Amar Das, Guru Arjan Dev & Guru Hargobind with nearly twenty thousand Hectares of Canal irrigated land and other property have been left in Punjab-Pakistan. These were MUAFI LAND perpetual gift for the benefit of the Sikh People but there is not a single sikh left in Pkgistan since August 1947.

According to the terms of partition all the Non-Muslim; Sikhs and Hindus had to leave Pakistan. The Nanak Panthis as well as Khalsa Panthis can visit a few temples only in Lahore, Nankana Sahib and Hasan Abdal once in a year.

The Management of all these temples and their property is under the WAQF BOARD consisting of Pakistan Muslim since partition 1947.

The Sikhs suffered heavily as results of the Transfer of Power. About 2 lakh men women and children were massacred in the west Pakistan and property of multi-millions Sterling value was left there. The agricultural land and property left by Muhammadan in the then Punjab allotted to the SIKHS was nearly half left by then in Pakistan.

In case of the Sikhs like Jews of the old the Birth place and death site of Guru Nanak, have been left in a foreign country. They will be remembering these places in prayers twice a day only till Doomsday. or QIAMAT

BHAI NAHAR SINGH
1121 Sector 34 C,
CHANDIGARH.

CHAPTER 1

CRADLE OF THE SIKH FAITH

By a mere chance, by the fancy of a great man, by a fatality of circumstances, we find ourselves again among a people whom we loved so well, and in a position to study the character of the residents, and visit the great cities of that rich and unrivalled tract which lies betwixt the Chenab and the Beas, the original Sikh land, the cradle of the faith, the nursery of the chivalry of the followers of the Guru

This tract, containing three millions of men and more than five thousand villages, from the commencement of our rule until the present year composed the great Lahore Division.

But now a Jeroboam has sent away two tribes from the skirts of Rehoboam, the ancient limits have ceased to exist, and the sentences which we now string together are a panegyric of one that has departed.

Under the Punjaub system of Government the limits of a Commission, or what in France would be called a Prefecture of Department, are necessarily more narrow than in the Bombay Presidency, where a Commission comprises one-half, and under the Agra Government one-fifth, of the whole Presidency, for the union of the Judicial and Executive in one office renders it necessary.

The Lahore Division was ever the smallest in area, but it was populous, rich, studded with villages, and inhabited by a martial population; in wealth and population it was about one-fourth of the Punjaub, and in the piping days of peace which succeeded the decadence of Runjeet Singh's upstart dynasty, the People increased and multiplied cultivation extended, towns expanded, all the affairs of mankind trebled and quadrupled, the burden on one man's shoulders of controlling all became intolerable, and one of the last acts of the Court of Directors was to order the sub-division.

But in truth it was glorious country sloping down from the everlasting snow-capped mountains to the frowning desert, intersected by vast rivers, rich in corn and sugar and oil, revelling in plenty, overflowing with population proud of its royal cities and its numberless villages, proud of its stalwart and sturdy people, who were at the same time great in arms and agriculture, with hands, like Cincinnatus, good for the sword or the plough.

They were no effete race with only the faint tradition of the actions of their Remote ancestors within the memory of man they had had a living faith, a vivid nationality and an independent Kingdom. Fortune was against them, for they came into collision with a

race, not more brave, but more perfectly furnished with the appliances of war; but they submitted not abjectly, nor without a struggle.

LAHORE

The great city of Lahore had from time immemorial been the seat of Empire. It was no obscure conglomeration of huts, scattered here and there under palm-trees, with a row of thatched shops, such as suffices for a town and the headquarters of a station in the jungle of Eengal. It was a great city before Mahmood crossed the Indus, it had become greater under the Mahomedans. It is still girt with red brick walls, gateways, and fortifications presenting, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants and lofty houses, the appearance of old Rome, or one of the mediaeval free cities of the German Empire.

Tradition has it, that the twin sons of the great Rama, sovereign of Ayōya, Kusa and Labo founded two cities, and called them after their names Kussooa and Lahore; in that case Alexander must have stood within her walls. To the end of last century the city was vaguely known in Europe as "Lahore of the Great Mogul", never visited by European, but connected with Delhi by a royal road, marked at intervals by lofty Kos Minars, and magnificent serais.

On the side of the city overhanging the river Ravee, is the royal fortress, built in all the stateliness of Agra and Delhi, a palace and an arsenal, with the Deewan Am for public, and Deewan Khass for private reception ranges of apartments for the seraglio, bastions and gateways decorated in the ornate style of the Imperial period; and from the highest point is commanded a sweet prospect of the Ravee, winding through the rich and verdant low lands, with the lofty minaret of the tomb of Jehangheer at Shahderu. But in truth the modern city covers but a tithe of the space occupied by the homes and gardens, tombs and mosques of the ancient city and for five miles on the road toward the Shalimar gardens lie scattered the ruined dome and crumbling arch, which had been raised by some proud but unknown Mahomeddn, to mark his empty state, of record a tale of idle love. Such is Lahore-a city with a pedigree of centuries, one of the memorial cities of the world.

AMRITSAR

Within thirty miles has sprung up in the last century a new city, the child of religion and commerce, exceeding Lahore in population rivalling her in splendour, and holding a position in the commercial Republic of India, which Lahore never attained; in spite of the distance of twelve hundred miles from the sea, corresponding direct with Paris and London, the seat of a manufacture peculiar to herself, except to that happy valley of which she is the entrpot; having relations of exchange with every city of note in the whole peninsula, and enjoying with but a limited number the honour of being a Mart.

Such is Amritsar, the child of the Sikh faith, which has thriven amidst the decadence of empire, the confusion of civil war, the assaults of foreign invasion; to whom every event appears to bring some advantage, for the fall of the nationality and religion of the Sikh hurt her not, the sack of Delhi has brought her hundreds of fresh citizens, and the opening out of new lines of road brings her new commerce, and promises a boundless extension. Within one year the Railway will connect her with Lahore, and another decade will see her connected with an iron chain with Delhi on the Jumna, and Mooltan on the waters which unite in the Indus.

The Promise

Let us now take a survey of those provinces, of which these cities are the twin capitals and markets. From Amritsar the lofty ranges of the Himalaya are visible at a distance of eighty miles, but if we travel northwards, the grandeur of the scenery develops itself at every stage, and at any part on the line of thirty miles from the mountains the scene is one which words cannot describe. All the grandest views of Alpine scenery in Europe dwindle into nothing, for here on a clear day after rain we have before our eyes an extent of eternal snow, reaching from Peer Pingal, the entrance of the valley of Cashmeer, to the distant snowy ranges in the Kingdom of Busahir behind Simlah. Range towering above range, of varying altitude and broken outline, rising up sometimes in sheer precipice to sixteen thousand feet, and varying altitude and broken outline, rising up sometimes in sheer precipice to sixteen thousand feet, and cutting the horizon with a broad even ridge; at other points, where the rivers at the time of the great primaeval cataclysm have forced themselves through in deep channels, we look, as it were into the bowels of the mountain Kingdom, through transverse ranges, as far as solitary snow-capped peaks, the position of which wearies the intellect to imagine.

Still it is something to think that only fifteen years ago the quiet and calculating Briton bought, and sold, those vast mountains for a sum which appears paltry. As far as the Ravee we retained some thousand square miles under our own rule, because they were there, and from the Ravee up to Bokhara and Yarkund, regions unknown to the Surveyor and never trodden by the feet of men who make maps, we handed over to the uncontrolled rule of a successful intriguer on the condition that he paid the lordly tribute of five goats, which has since been commuted into three pairs of long Cashmeer Shawls for Her Gracious Majesty.

The majestic mountains look on contemptuously as they are thus passed from hand to hand, for they may defy all the powers of the earth to extract one Rupee from their surface, or to cross over their unapproachable heights.

JUMMOO TOWN

Enthroned on one of the lower ranges in the mountain, betwixt the Ravee and the

Chenab, is the hill town and fortress of Jummoo, which the craft and fortune of one man have converted into the capital of a kingdom large enough in area to swallow up the narrow limits of many a European Potentate.

MAHARAJA GULAB SINGH

When the Rebellion of 1857 was at its worst, ere Delhi had fallen, when the wisest were pondering which side should be taken, the crafty old fox had to obey a messenger who brooks no answer, and who cannot be outwitted; and as his army descended to lend doughty assistance to the assaulters of Delhi the old Raja felt his kingdom depart from him; all his schemes, his deceits, his secret murders, his cruelties, his unlimited and scarcely appreciable wretchedness did not save our honourable ally, and the sceptre passed into the hand of one born in the purple, one who has never known the hard experiences of life. We saw him last winter in all the bravery of his Court, his elephants with silver howdas, his troops, guns, and all the external ceremonials. The youth sat in his father's hall in the silver chair of state, and around him and behind him were the pillars of his state the nobles of his clan, distinguished by the heron's plumes in their turbans. He himself, in the splendour of his appearance, the nobility of his look, the dignity of his manner, seemed not unworthy of the place, and by his side sat his only son still a child, the heir of his throne. At sunset, as the bells of the temples sounded for the evening sacrifice, he rose from his seat, and stood till the solemn moments had passed. Some remarked that on this occasion as on all, in his rich girdle he wore an English double-barrelled pistol of the simplest manufacture, and no doubt the most approved make; the wonder ceases, when we hear that a few days later his life was attempted, and one of the intended assassins was his own half-brother, who stood on this occasion respectfully behind his chair and was yet in league with his first cousin, the only other male but one of the family. Such are native dynasties, whether founded on long hereditary right, or built up by the talents and crimes of one individual. The sovereignty of Cashmeer may to-morrow be again in the market, and is a source of weakness, instead of strength, to the great Government which sold five millions of men for so many bags of silver to create it.

But let the spectator turn his back on the mountains, and look out on the wide territory spread before him; let him transport himself to the sacred heights of Trijatra, and sharpening his sight by imagination, grasp in the whole of the tract which it is our object in these lines to describe. No such Kingdom met the enraptured gaze of the prophet from the possession of the followers of Moses, as this which just one hundred years ago was partitioned among the twelve Misals, or tribes, of the Khalsa, the followers of Guru Govind. From the mountains to the distant desert slopes down the rich and fertile land, terming with villages and towns, men and cattle, with cereals, oils and saccharines, with dyes and cottons.

From the mountains, supplied from the eternal fountains of snow flow forth the Vipasa, the Airavati and the Chandra Bhaga into which a hundred streams, not known to fame, drain their over-abundant waters. Well may the ignorant rustic strive to conciliate the favour, or appease the wrath of these river gods; well may he offer up at the Shrine of Noah to whom he blindly attributes power over inundations, for his cattle and his homestead are at the river, which one year causes him to laugh and sing while he contemplates the fatness of his land, at another carries away his home, his oxen, his groves and his acres, and scatters them miles along his silvery course, while the owner appeals to all his gods in vain.

Within a line of forty miles from the mountains is such richness of soil, such cultivation, both in highlands along the dorsal ridges of the tracts betwixt the rivers, and in the low-lands within the affluence of their waters as the rest of India may equal, but not surpass. A sturdy and strong race have made the most of their opportunities, have by wells compelled the earth to give out water from her bowels, and let it percolate along the surface. And in the country betwixt the Beas and Ravee art has lent her assistance, and as by the process of ages since day when the Ravee first issued from the mountains, her bed has deepened under the attrition of the current, and her waters now flow so far below the surface as to be useless for irrigation, the skill of the engineer has not been wanting to seal up her mouth, to direct her course into new channels. Flung, like a silver necklace strung with pearls, from mountains to desert, winds the beautiful Huslee-strong without rage, full without overflowing deep and rapidly rushing overhung with foliage and trees like the Jordan, fringed with luxuriant crops, and beautiful peeps of turly English scenery. Gardens spring up along its course, groves planted on its banks look green, their leaves do not wither, nor do their fruits in due season fail. But like scenes that are brightest, like beauty that is fairest, perishes this year and gives way to the giant limbs, and broad, lazy but regulated flow of the new canal. Bridged, fettered, regulated, the wild waters of the Ravee are subdued, and made to answer like a horse to the bridle, to go whither they are told, to be stored up where they are ordered, to keep an even depth, to be sold out, like grain, by the measure, and to carry burdens like a pack horse. A bridled stream is the greatest triumph of man, for no longer can its capricious course eat away villages and overwhelm the ripening harvest, no longer wastes its fertilizing waters, and perplex and irritates the husbandman. A Canal is a greater triumph than a Railway, as one of the greater natural and all but living features of the country is subdued and brought under control.

In the second belt of country, ranging from from forty to eighty or a hundred miles from the hills, is the struggle betwixt the sturdy soil and sturdier cultivator. In vain saltpetre crops out of the uninviting surface, renders brackish all the wells; in vain rich crops of reeds, of wild grass, of stunted copse encumber the surface, as the spontaneous gift of the earth. The husbandman wages unequal and yet not unsuccessful war with decreasing fertility. What

science might do has never been tried, but the man and his stock and his miserable implements do wonders. All the weary watches of the night the oxen revolve round the well; all the weary day the surface is scratched with plough, stamped by cattle, sparsely manured, and miserably weeded; and yet year after year comes the gald harvest populat on increases. and grain is so cheap that the complaint is of abundance not of scarcity. With the opening canal new regions will come under the plough, new villages spring into existence

Not ungrateful is life in scenes such as these amidst a manly and contented population. For eight months in the year the Tent is th proper home of him who loves his duties and his people. Thus he comes to know, and be known of them; thus personal influence, and local Knowledge give him a power not to be won by bribes, or up-held by bayonets. The notables of the neighbourhood need their friend and ruler on his morning march; greybeards throng round his unguarded door with presents of the best fruits of the land, or a little sugar, spices and almonds, according to the fashin of their country and are never so happy as when allowed to seal themselves on the carpet, and talk over old times and new events, the promise of the harvest, the last orders of the rulers. From his fort comes down with diminished state the representative of the old feudatories, who are now gradually being absorbed. He no doubt regrets the time when murders and plunder were more fashionable, and feels himself out of place in the new order of things, and in a few more years his race will have passed away, like that of the wolves and the tigers. Often the morning March is varied by the crossing of some stream, or the wading of a sudden torrent, or by some stream, or the wading of a sudden torrent, or by some adventure by flood and field. Storms occasionally beat round our canvass home at night; black case tied up in the Postman's wallet behind the horseman, finds us out daily however obscure and distant from the house of cities may be our retreat. Still in spite of the hard riding at sunrise and sunset, and the hard work during the brief winter days happy and peacefull are the hours spent in camp too often alone, in the North of India.

But to the South extends another and stranger belt of cocntry, the Bar, the great solitary desert jungle which occupies the vast space betwixt the rivers of the Punjaub. Our guide takes us to the top of a lofty tower, and spreading out his hands, announces that this sombre forest extends unbroken and unvaried above one hundred and fifty miles to Mooltan. We look over a see of jungle and grass tufts grass enough to feed all the cattle in the world- we wonder what object the Creator had in view, when he left such vast expanses of trees which bear no fruit, and are so beautiful in outline. Far off we can trace the soivary line of the rivers. fringed with trees and cultivation. Here human habitation; no animal save the fox, the deer, the partidge shares the empire with countless herds of cattle, sheep, and camels; here the camel seems to be at home and we catch glimpses of him enjoying himself,

which he certainly does not do elsewhere—Broad roads traverse the waste, and at stated intervals are the serais, the wells, the store-houses, the trough for cattle and the police station

Along this road ply conveyances peculiar to the country, and the incipient civilization and long trains of camels, laden with military stores from England, and merchandize, relieved at stages of forty miles; the bullock train, which keeps faithfully to its mile an hour, whether laden with packages or soldier, for the late troops have been forwarded up by this mode of carriage, six soldiers crushed into a cart, and rolling and jolting all the weary day and weary night, except where the halt is sounded at fixed stages for refreshment. Still more fast and more dangerous as a conveyance, is the truck, which is drawn by two horses, and dashes along when once the horses start, abandoning the road or pretence of road, and taking the easiest course among the brush-wood; on the truck is fastened a litter with canvass sides, and in the litter are stowed away ladies and children and invalids, who, if they have good nerves and good luck, arrive safe at their destination.

But for speed, for delight, and for danger, in this wild track, give us seat by the driver in the mail-cart; strong, springy, highwheeled, sufficiently weighted with official correspondence and overland letters, this vehicle is dragged by two horses, one being fastened outside the shafts after the manner of the Grecian chariot, or the outrigger in the Russian sledge. Away—Away; hold hard by the iron bar, and gird your loins tight, and you will enjoy all the pleasure of being run away with, without being deprived of the danger, as you are in the railroads, ten miles an hour skimming along the roadsoh such roads, with such heavenward jolts, in spite of the straw which is liberally strewed over the ruts, as if all the females along the line were lying in. You hear peculiar phraseology, and have strange companions, and hear for the first time that a Hindoo will not blow horses; will they start, or will they not: ? that is the question. You have over and over again the same dump shew the same proportion of deceit, the same amount of force, applied to get these strange beasts into mouthing. The coaxing is tried first:—“Mera Jan My life. Mere Bahadur, My fine fellow: gradually the seductive line verges into the authoritative, and at last, when Jehu’s patience is exhausted, a boundless flow of stable abuse pours, out frightful to hear, and comprehending in one condemnation the recusant nag’s ancestors in the remotest degree, and all his female relations. It is an interesting study of very indifferent horse flesh. As the monthly nurse remarked, their tempers are born with them, for some go off like lambs; some stand out for a few minutes, as a point of honour; some spin round with the cart; in vain the wheels are moved behind, and their forelegs pulled onwards with ropes, in vain they are patted, kicked and stabbed, but they generally go at last, and we suppose they die at last, but though we often along the road meet the dead body of a camel, (for that is their proper burial ground), we never remember coming on a dead mail-cart horse.

Sometimes the ruins are passed by of an ancient city-streets and houses still to be traced, destroyed on some former invasion or period of destruction which recur frequently in India. The wretched huts of the modern village have been built from the vast debris, and are huddled round the protecting tower, or have shrunk into the old serai, with the gates closed at night, for there are strange necessities and strange people in these wastes. Bitter are the waters that have to be drunk. Or during the night you come suddenly on the line of march of a European Regiment-the advance guard of camels, and sutlers, and baggage cattle, and an army of servants; at length you hear the heavy tramp. You see the dark column, and distinguish the occasional glistening of a bayonet in the torch-light, and make out the officers at the head, and you draw aside to let pass in a cloud of dust those thirsty, food-sore Britons. And nowhere down the line does the faithful mileston desert the traveller, and the still more faithful telegraph pole, which raises its head as a protest against the absence of civilization, and the guide points out wonderingly furrows turned up, the one is the stamp of the Iron Horse and the other the line of the Canal, for in a few years both Canal and Rail will run side by side through this waste. A Slight geological subsidence of a few feet would change all into fertility, and even now, as a branch of the river is neared, a bright oasis gleams out and the grateful sound of the revolving wheel tells of the earth being forced by sturdy man to yield its abundance.

Such are the tracts of which we try to offer a faint description; they should be seen in their fertility and in their barren solitude to be appreciated. And so situated are they on the threshold of India, so narrow is the space betwixt mountain and desert, that all the invaders of India must have thronged through it. The darkness of night have closed over the period when the Arian races advanced from the great cradle of nations, the alluvial plains of Mesopotamia but they must have threaded the defiles of Afghanistan, they must have lifted their eyes in rapture to the Chumba mountains, and perhaps thought with regret of their old Armenian and Caucasian snows; they must have crossed by raft, or skin, or by ford, one and all of the great Five Rivers, contending perhaps at each stage with the rude aborigines. Thus came the Brahmins, the Kathael or Khutree, the Getae or Juts, bringing with them the old ante-Mosaic traditions, and the cherished pre-doluvian gods, which had cost the world one Deluge. There were brave men no doubt before Alexander, but we know nothing about them, so they may as well not have existed; but when Alexander raised the curtain, he found in these regions a highly civilized people. He came, he saw, and he conquered, but somewhere on the East of the river Hyphasis he paused, and there must have been erected the pillars with the original of the famous inscription.

'Ego Alexander Huc Berveni'

When centuries had effaced the memory of the visit of the strange Western conqueror,

there came a new invader. Great events had taken place in that thousand years. Rome had risen and fallen: the religion of Christ had been superseded in the East by the creed of Mahomet; and the time had come when India must be introduced into the comity of nations, though for China there still remained another thousand years of jealous isolation.

Far up in the interior of the celestial empire, in those tracts where the great rivers leave the mountains, there may be vast plains, and ancient cities, and great populations with strange languages, customs, and religions, of which we still know nothing, but from the day that the first lancs of Mahmood gleamed in the passes of Peshawur we have a flood of light thrown upon the country betwixt the Chenab and new India.

Lahore

Dynasty after dynasty ruled there, and new settlers appropriated the soil. We know nothing of the process under which land changed hands; the cry of the despoiled never reaches us. We know nothing of the cause by which the new faith was propagated, how in each village younger sons, or unsuccessful litigants, were tempted to abandon the faith of their ancestors and for love of men adopt the new idea. The bitter feelings, the domestic feuds, which accompanied these events, have been forgotten, but the fact remains, and Hindoo and Mahomedan share together inheritance without grudge a standing comment on the mon adopt the new idea. The bitter fellings, the domestic feuds, which accompanied these events, have been forgotten, but the fact remains, and Hindoo and Mahomedan shre together their inheritance without grudge a standing comment on the monstrous absurdity of Introducing under a Christian Governmhnt the old disinheriting Brahminical laws.

Cities and towns were built, their names were changed, and, when the time came, they dwindled away, and their materials were made use of to build other towns; the Mahomedans pulled down temples, and built mosques, and with retributive justice at a later period the Hindus pulled down mosques wherewith to rebuild temples: the palace and Fort, the Garden and the proud Tomb sprung up, hereafter to be converted to strange uses, as Forts, Zenanas, and English Churches, but the memory of the builder was soon forgotten.

Nothing is permanent in the East. Still the country flourished, poured forth its annual tributes of the kindly gifts of the earth, was ever the prey of the strongest, for the fatal gift of her beauty rendered her ever desirable and her physical position rendered her always defenceless, ever at the mercy of her powerful neighbours at Kabul and Delhi, ever oscillating on the see-saw of alternate dominion towards the North-West and South-East, occupying the same position as Palestine betwixt Egypt and Assyria, and Lombardy betwixt Austria and France.

Let politicians say what they like, let them talk of the blessings of national independence, and descant on the miseries of a foreign, and of course a bad, Government, and

the advantages of a good one, these things are not felt so keenly or appreciated so fully by the people in their villages, as the little tyrannies of the petty land-owner, and the good-natured fatherly kindness of the local Government Lahore may have been and has been for centuries the centre of intrigue; heads may have fallen like poppies, houses may have been plundered, and females, decked yesterday in silks and jewels the plunder of provinces, may have been turned out in rags; but far away—far away in the peaceful province the long Indian day has worn itself out quietly and happily to the unconscious peasant, with no thought beyond his petty cares and vulgar joys.

So long as his local ruler dwelling in the neighbouring castle, so long as the money-lender of the adjoining market, were not unusually disagreeable, that mattered it to him—the hewer of wood and drawer of water, who rose and who fell at Delhi or Cabul ?

The blast of the triumphant trumpet, the echo of the funeral wail, reached him not. The cattle came home lowing from the pasture ground, as the shades of evening fell; without fail his meal was prepared; the revolving month brought round to him in due succession the annual festivals and the half-yearly harvests, glad seasons of rejoicing, for which he did not forget to trim a lamp on the steps of the old temple, and to worship with offerings of butter the Lares and Penates, as his fathers had done before him. His children grew up strong and hale; some took service, and fell in some famous victory, but the old man neither knew why it was fought, or what good came of it to the country; his only marks of time were some wedding or some birth, the only reminders of age were the grey hairs in his beard. As his physical strength failed him, he abandoned the duties of field and the forest to younger hands without repining, he had fed his whelps when he was strong and they must feed him now.

He settled down in the corner of the hut, and looked calmly forward to the time when he would be reduced to ashes on the funeral pile, without any feeling of shame for evil actions, of regret for mis-spent days, unconscious of ever having committed any sin and fearless and careless of any future judgment.

This life had been one of hardships of him, and the future might be so also; he could not help it, and did not much care. Thus since the world began, many millions have worked out their destinies; if but little better intellect than the beasts that perish, at least not so debased by the consciousness of crime,—persisted in spite of knowledge, unabandoned in spite of warning, as the more civilized portion of mankind.

Chapter II

Guru Nanak 1469—1539 A.B)

But as time rolled on it appeared that a greater destiny was prepared for this tract. It was to be the theatre of a new nationality and the cradle of a new religion. Within these narrow confines would be born one of those gifted spirits, who are destined to teach millions a new mode of groping after God, if haply they may find him. There was a man—we dare not say—sent from God, on whom so large a portion of the divine afflatus had fallen that to him the great gift of welding the hearts of men of developing a new idea, was conceded. He stood on the confines of a new dispensation, and recognized his position he mounted a high tower in his mind, and looked out on the spiritual state of his countrymen, and beheld one half sunk in the sloth and degradation of a ceremonial worship and the other half, possessed indeed by a great spiritual truth, but blinded by fanaticism and false zeal. The name of this man was Nanuk. Humble was his position, butter and honey were his words, he preached peace, and love, and mutual concession: he taught that men were the sons of one father, and he laughed to scorn the show of ceremonials: he was as meek as Aaron, as full of wisdom as the Author of Ecclesiastes, he sought to bring the world into subjection by the influence of his mild doctrines. But after him came another prophet, with a sword-like Gideon's, who wrote his words in flame, and rivalled in the intensity of feeling, and bitterness of vengeance, the prophet kings of the Maccabees. If Nanuk was the Moses, Govind was the Joshua of the new people.

Both have left written legacies, known in their language as the book which grey-headed men still chant in the gate-way of the castle, or the adytum of the temple accompanied by the twang of rude barbytons.

The elder prophet arrived at one of those ears, when the ancient religion of the people was being exposed to a severe trial in the presence of a propagandist and dominant rival. The Hindu is essentially a quietist, and the sublime doctrines which form the substratum of that faith which the Asians had introduced into India, had, after the expulsion of the Buddhists by sheer force, degenerated into gross and sensual form. In vain from time to time had risen up schools under great masters with the noble design of internal reform; religious purity had been preached, it had been proposed to level caste by faith, the vulgar tongue had been licensed as a vehicle of religious thought, images had been denounced, but the founders of the new sects had not cared to make social improvement an object or to connect propagandism with a national feeling; they had in them too much of the ascetic, and too little of the practical element. At a certain stage all internal reforms are hopeless; they go too far, or not far enough; it is necessary to return to the original fountain, and draw a new inspiration from the great source of ideas.

The presence of Mahomedanism was a great fact: the ignorant people could no longer be imposed upon that Brahmanism was a necessity of existence. On the contrary the power no longer existed to punish heretics with worldly penalties, and the feeling of the people had outstripped the stereotyped form. They understood as little what they heard, as the peasantry of England do the dogmas of the Athanasian Creed, or the anathemas of the communion; a bull-headed conservatism prevented the priesthood from anticipating the intellectual storm;

but as the appearance of Mahomet took place at the time of the deep degradation of the Greek Church, and as Luther protested against the errors of the Roman, so stood forth at this time Naunk. His influence spread irresistibly on a people not open to conviction in argument, and dull to appeals to the conscience; it maintained and will maintain its place, until a new fermenting take place of the theological idea, and he be superseded by a new picture of the Divinity believed in as blindly, and laid down as positively, as any of its predecessors, and the foolish multitude in their foolish heart cease to care for the doctrines and tenets of Naunk.

And one hundred years later, when the second prophet appeared, there arose among the agricultural population of this country a wondrous yearning for political liberty, a wondrous desire on the part of the poor to appropriate the wealth of the rich, a wondrous feeling that freebooter and sovereign were of the same or kindred origin. This led hundreds to abandon the plough and take to the road which in those days led them to palaces instead of prisons. A halo then encircled the petty, as it still does the imperial robber; the hireling page of the historian was all that was required to make the great, for their ambition was only bounded by what they could lay hold of their valour was only limited by the tenacity of life. The foolish fellow, who robbed in the jungle, would atone his guilt on the gallows; the noble creature, who sacked a city, would create a principality, and his descendants would be honoured by the British Government and styled Ancestral Fief-holders.

Ille crucem sceleris pretinm tulit, his diadema"

The life of Nanuk is so intimately connected with the provinces which lie betwixt the Chenab and Beas that we must briefly detail it. There he was born, and there he died; there he formed his school; there dwell his descendants and followers, and the very name by which they distinguish their nationality, is that of being his Sikhs or disciples. The proper name by which the country ought to be known is Sikhland. Many a shrine has sprung up to mark the spots which he visited during his mortal pilgrimage. His tenets have been gradually debased, and his own personal importance has been magnified. Here-worship has converted the teacher into a god; the chronicles which are faithfully read and prodigally adorned with paintings, the walls of the temple—son which every act of his life is depicted, the oral legends which are handed down from father to son, the feeling of the people—all have declared him to have been an emanation of the Deity, sent down by the Creator to take the form of man, when sin was ripe in the world. He has been invested with the gift of miracles and other divine attributes, and is supposed even now to have the power of conferring blessings. To none of these did he lay claim; he asserted no divine mission, he sought to found no policy, he admitted all fore-going teachers, he only taught his disciples the result of his own experience exhorting to moral virtues, and recommended practical excellence as preferable to profitless ascetism.

We have carefully perused those chronicles, only in late time accessible to Europeans; we have listened to the treasured words which fell from the teacher's lips, we have visited with a reverend feeling the place where he was born, where he lived, and died; we have sought in easy conversation with the people to catch the living feeling, the popular sentiment. We sisted to gather the mystery of the origin of this belief, for Nanuk is not like Rama, or Buddha, or Krishana, a fabulous individual, round whom the lapse of centuries has thrown a mythical halo; he is not, like Mahomet, or the true Christ, the denizen of a far country, whose doctrines have been translated among strange people in strange languages. He was a contemporary of our earliest reformers, he lived and died among his own people his descendants are still among us; the forms of the have in no way changed since he completed his mission. Painful feelings are forced upon us as we think of such things, feelings such as arise on the perusal of the life of a modern Roman Catholic perusal of the life of a modern Roman Catholic Saint—a St. Theresa or a St. Francis. for the people who believe these fables are of ourselves, of the nineteenth century, understanding fairly all the range of human science and appliances, but in this matter blind; for a lying spirit has beguiled men, otherwise sensible and shrewd, to believe that Nanuk raised the dead to life, healed the sick flew through the air, walked the sea, blessed and curse', and had power over the elements. Not that saw it themselves, but they had immediate followers from those who accompanied him in his travels—men poor and illiterate, with no object to lie, and no claim to power. We turn away with a sickening feeling for these things are believed of millions; they were not done in a corner. This is a portion of that divine gift of faith, which forms the basis of all religions; these fables, though of modern date, have unhappily gained such credence, that the Sikhs believe them dogmatically, and will die for their truth; the Hindoos believed them historically; the Mahomedans even admit the facts; and, when we try to raise the veil, we find that the man in whom they believe, was good virtuous. chaste, free from passion, pride, or avarice, worthy of our admiration as one of the lovers of mankind.

To the South-West of the city of Lahore in the Sub-division Shuruckpore, in the extreme corner of the district where the jungly Bar adjoins on the domains of agriculture and civilization, stood, as it stands now the little village of Tulwundie. With the neighbouring village it belonged to a wild tribe of Mahomedans, who had immigrated from the countries beyond the Sutl j, the Bhuttees, whose tastes were for cattle-rearing and cattle-lifting, and whose habits were nomadic, a contrast to the Hindoo Juts, who were gregarious, and agricultural, and not friendly to the new comers. The village was thus on the confines on the forest, and the field and the dehlable land of two races and two religions. In this village and in the house of one Kaloo, the village accountant a member of the Bedee tribe of the Bedee tribe of the great Khutree caste, in the year of our Lord 1469, was born a male child.

Prodigies attended him from the first : on entering the world he looked round and smiled : the nurse stated that at the moment, she heard sounds resembling the cries of salutation and welcome with which a great man is received on his arrival. Signs of greatness, of wisdom, and of bounty, displayed themselves early; his mother in a dream beheld the gods worshipping and praising him : at the age of five he distributed among Fuqueers all the property that he could lay hold of : the spot is still shown where he was born, and close by another favoured shrine marks the scene of the sports of his childhood. Lands are set apart by the British Government for the maintenance of these and many other similar institutions. As the child grew up, he acquired learning without any effort, and argued with, and convinced, his teachers, but nothing would induce him to attend to the duties of life; and his father was too poor to maintain him in idleness. While in charge of cattle, he allowed them to injure a neighbour's field, but, when complaint was made, lo; the injury had been miraculously advanced, and the rays of the sun fell upon him, a deadly cobra spread its hood over his head, and passers by were awestruck at the sight of him as he slept on.

"Non sine Diis animosus infans".

On another occasion, when similarly asleep, the boughs of a tree were miraculously deflected from their natural position to screen him from the heat. The spots where all these wonders took place are shown, and all villagers, including Rai Bholar, the Mahomedan lord of the soil, were convinced of the coming greatness of the lad, and tried to shelter him from the anger of his father, who took a more material view of his son's conduct. At length at the age of sixteen kaloo sent his son out on a trading expedition with a companion from the same village, and the sum of forty Rupees. On their road in the jungle they met a company of mendicants and, entering into conversation young Nannk found that these men had no occasion for houses, or clothes, or luxuries; that they were free from the cares as well as the joys of life. They refused his offers of money as being useless to them, and so worked on his excitable nature that he invested the whole of his capital on food and fed the party : he returned to his village, and hid himself under the boughs of a large tree which is still venerated. Discovered by his exasperated father, he urged that he had been directed to do a good business, to realize a good profit, and he maintained that in laying up treasures in heaven he had done so. The spot is still known by the name of the profitable investment. It must be remembered that mendicants then, as now, abounded in the land, and that there was much real worth, as well as odious deceit, in the profession. 't was and it is still, the only outlet for the irregular youth they had no sea, no colonies. no India, where angry parents could exile their prodigal children. When then a young man was too truthfull to swallow the conventional lies of the home circle, too catholic-minded to keep within the narrow groove of the domestic dogma, there was nothing for him but to strip off his clothes, and join a troop

of mendicants who so far differed from the religious orders of Rome, that they were really free, and were standing protest against the tyranny of the regular clergy, the Brahmins.

It so happened that a sister of Nanuk's had married a corn-dealer at Sooltanpore in the Jhelundhur Doab, and to her Kaloo consigned his scapgrace son. At that city resided Numab Dowlut Khan Lodhee, a relation of the reigning family of Delhi, and himself a man of great power though he fell a few years later before the rising power of the Emperor Baber. Nanuk, by the interest of his brother-in-law, was employed as comptroller of the stores of the Nuwaub's household, so boundless were his charities that he was accused to his master of wasting his good, but, when the accounts were taken, a large surplus came out in his favour a practical illustration, that the store of the charitable man is indeed blessed. At this time, on the earnest solicitations of his family, he married, and two sons were born to him.

The leaven however within him had now fermented, and civilised life became intolerable. He felt it his duty, his calling, to cast off all the ties of family, or kindred, all links of habit, and start on his heaven-inspired mission of preaching. In vain did his relations remonstrate; his father and father-in-law never would, or could, realize the necessity, and, when he actually prepared to take the fatal step, they appealed, to the Nuwaub for his assistance. It appeared that Nanuk had passed three whole days with the water up to his neck in the neighbouring stream of the Beyn, and had thence proceeded to take up his abode in the jungles, abandoning the habitations of men. The spot is still shown where he entered and left the stream, and the credulous chronicler narrates how he visited, during his immersion, the god who presided over the waters. When the Nuwaub summoned him he replied that he knew no earthly master, that he was the servant of God : he was persuaded however to return to the city, and, finding that he was shaken as a Hindu, the Nuwaub fondly hoped to make him a Mahomedan, and persuaded him to accompany him to the Mosque.

Here occurred a memorable scene, and a lesson was read by the young devotee, which applies to all nations and all religions. When the long line of Mahomedans knelt down and prayed, Nanuk stood in silence : when the Nuwaub remonstrated with him, he said, O Nuwaub, you were at Candahar buying a horse. The Mahomedan noble, struck with awe, confessed that it was so : not so the wily QAZI who challenged Nanuk to convince him. Nanuk composedly replied :—You, O QAZI were thinking of your daughter who has just been brought to bed, and fearing lest your colt should fall down the open well. The conscience-stricken QAZI could not hold up his head, and Nanuk was allowed to retire amidst the applauses both of Hindus and Mahomedans.

His companions in his forest life were Bala, a Hindoo Jut of his own village, who was with him from his childhood to his death and assisted to compose the marvellous chronicles of his life, and Murdhana, a Mahomedan musician who played on that fantastically shaped instrument which is called a Rubaub. Strange stories are told of this instrument which was brought down from celestial regions, and which refused to give utterance to any other cadence but praise of God, the Almighty, the Creator alone. When the strings of the instrument were sounded, forth burst the sounds.

"Tuhi Narayun Kartar : Nanak Banda tera.

"Thou art God the Creator : Nanuk is thy slave". Hearing this Nanuk used to fall into a trance, regardless of all human things, and remain whole days wrapt in meditation of God, while the unfortunate musician, who was exceedingly weak in the matter of fleshly wants, was exposed to fatigue and exhausted by hunger. When he spoke is represented as always enclosing his meaning in brief and sententious rhymes, which were treasured up by his disciples, and incorporated in the sacred volume,

He now commenced his wanderings. That they extended all over India is probable that he visited Mecca in Arabia is certain; but the vast mass of rubbish which his chronicles have heaped together on the subject of these travels, the wonders of the countries which he visited, and the wonders which he himself performed, pass all belief. In the Punjab and adjoining countries which he visited, we find the teacher getting over the ground by the use of those vulgar and familiar modes of conveyance, the legs, but when he visited the lofty mountains, the pole star, and other constellations, he took to his wings; and when he visited Arabia, he wished himself there and saved himself the trouble of moving by directing Mecca to come to him. We may divide his travels into three classes. I Those in the Punjab, where we can follow him clearly. II. Those in Hindostan and Central Asia, where we can trace his course generally. III. Those in Space, where it is hopeless, but still not unprofitable, to follow him, as we can thence acquire a measure of the geographical knowledge and reasoning powers, of the people who believe the facts recorded, as gospel.

He is described as visiting his home at Talwundie several times as attending at the great festival of Uchol near Buttala, as lodging under a tree, and near tank at Seualkote, where his memory is still cherished. One occasion he went to Pak Puttun on the Sutlej to the South, and on another on Indus at which place he has left the impression of his hand in a piece of marble. He repeatedly returned to Sooltanpore to visit his sister Nanukee, to whom he was tenderly attached, and when old age came upon him, he built a retreat for himself on the right bank of the Ravee, and named the place Kirtarpur; there he died, and the place has been swept away by the

stream, but over again it has sprung up the town called after him Deruh Baba Nanuk, where the great mass of his descendants still reside.

He more than once visited the large and famous city of Eminabad, half way betwixt Lahore and Wuzerabad, and a shrine to this day called Roree Sahib, marks the spot where he slept on a bed of gravel. He lodged with the poor always, and when food was sent to him by the rich Governor, he declined to taste it, as being purchased by deeds of tyranny and oppression. While lodging there the Emperor Baber attacked and sacked the town, in his famous invasion of India. He was seized with others, and forced to carry burdens and grind grain. Popular report has it that the burdens stood suspended a foot in the air above of themselves : at any rate his appearance and language attracted the attention of the Emperor, who had a friendly interview with him, and was gratified by a prediction that his empire would last seven generations which in effect it did. While conversing with the Emperor, servants brought him a pale of Bhung, an intoxicating drug in which the Tartars indulged. The Guru declined the offer stating that his Bhung was to take the name of God, with the drinking of which he was always in a state of intoxication.

As regards the second portion of his travels, we have every well known city and country in India, known by report or allude to in the sacred books of Hindu, brought into use. Every Mahomedan country, the names of which were familiar from the description of travellers. is introduced such as Sinde, Cabul, Khurram, Room, (Asia Minor), and Arabia, but the mention of all is so vague that no profit is derived from the enumeration. That he visited Mecca and Medina was both possible and probable, considering the numbers who used in those days to flock in pilgrimage and in fact do so now. What happened at Mecca is characteristid that he defeated the Moolas in argument would be expected, considering that his disciples were the narrators, but he exposed the fact that the sacred Kaabuh was only a black stone and had once been a Lingum of the Hindoo god Siva, and that the Mahomedans worshiped idols. There is no doubt that it is a remnent of the ancient pre-Mahomedan worship of Arabia, and utterly unconnected with the unitarian and iconoclast doctrines of the Prophet. The Guru slept with his feet turned toward the temple, and, on being reproved for it, as a disrespect to God to turn his feet towards him, he asked in which direction he could turn his feet, without finding God. This is the spiritual version of the story, but the vulgar legend is, that whichever way his feet were dragged, the temple followed him, and at last the minaretts got loose from their foundation and so the Moolas let him alone. They asked him whether he respected God and the prophet : he replied that God had sent many prophets to instruct men in the right way, those who obeyed the orders went to heaven and the others to hell that, Hindus and Mahomedans all came from the same five elements, did not

differ in their actions or words, and that people who fought about mere words had lost their way. At Medina at tomb of Mahomet bowed to him.

He visited Muttra, Benares, Juggurnauth, Lanka, and Hurdwar. The wildest stories are told about the inhabitants, but every thing that happened, conduced to the honour of the Guru. Those who believed in him received blessings, and those who opposed him were brought to their senses. The doctrine of Metempsychosis is introduced to give variety to the tale, and we find that Nanuk was one of the actors of the heroic period, and a great many monsters and giants found an end to their penance on his arrival, and went off to Swurga. This is a lame adaptation of the machinery of the Ramayuna. Bala and Murdhana accompanied him in all these wanderings, but the latter was always getting into trouble. He is the low comedy actor of the Drama, always hungry, getting into the power of magicians and monsters, and rendering the interference of the Guru necessary to save him from being swallowed up, or release him from the form of a goat. They walked on the sea without difficulty. This was convenient for the purpose of visiting the islands within the limited knowledge of the compiler's geography. Yet they had ships at that time, for one occasion when Nanuk was at home, his mother sent a female servant to call him to his meal, for he was asleep: the maid touched his foot, and her eyes were opened, and she became aware that the Guru, though present in person, was far away in the act of saving the ship of one of his devotees which was in a storm in the Indian Ocean. This is a grand conception, and one day when conversing with a descendant of the Guru on this subject, he informed us that he had the power himself, only the devotee must have faith, and the relief would be granted: we had not that faith so we had no visible illustration of the power.

They came to a city of gold where no prices were required for any articles, workmen asked for no pay. Murdhana was stuffed gratuitously with sweatmeats; there was no crime, no merchants; all the people including the King were virtuous, their only fault being that were rather conceited. They came to another city where people acted just in the contrary way to the rest of mankind, wept at births, and laughed at funerals. He took the opportunity of attacking the Brahmins on all occasions: at Kurukhetra at Thanesar he cooked animal food just at the critical moment of an eclipse, with a view of scandalizing them; at Hurdwar he openly called on the people to beware of these scribes and Pharisees. He nobly filled the part of a periodical protest of truth and common sense against the untruth and folly of the age. He accused a Pundit of having improper thoughts in his mind, while repeating his prayers: he told the Brahmins that all ritual observances were vain, so long as the heart was not pure: (when they stood up and looked towards the East, and poured out water to their ancestors, he mockingly stood up and poured out water looking to west. When they asked him his reason,

he remarked that he was watering his field in the Punjab: when they urged that the water would not reach so far, he asked how they then expected that their water would reach to the other world.

A thief met him and the Guru remonstrated with him on his way of living. He pleaded the necessity of supporting his family. Will they said the Guru, agree to share the penalty of your misdeeds in a future state? They all declined, and assured the thief that he alone would be responsible, upon which he abandoned his dishonest profession, and became a disciple of the Guru.

On another occasion he stopped by the ashes of a funeral pile, and sent a follower to get a light. The eyes of this man were opened, and, as he approached the pile, he beheld the angels of death dragging off the person who had been burnt to hell, and beating and tormenting him. As he returned from the pile, he found these same angels of death changed into palanquin bearers, and carrying off the same man in all the pomp and comfort of Indian wealth. He inquired the reason, and he found that the party was an atrocious sinner, had well deserved hell and torments, but Nanuk's gaze had fallen on his pile; God had forgiven him his sins, and he was now going off by palanquin to Heaven. It is difficult to say whether this story is more quaint or solemn; there is a vast amount of spiritual truth enveloped in fanciful oriental dress. In many instances also strangers, convinced by his words, asked "what shall we do to be saved?" The answer was "Worship Narayun or God."

The third portion of the travels of Nanuk is a strange mixture of Hindu Cosmology as drawn from the Puranas, combined with a knowledge of the Himalaya Mountains, which are always before the eyes of the natives of these regions, and a touch of the sectarian views of the Sikh denomination. The snowy ranges in their unapproachable height and beauty, tinted with roseate hues under the glow of an evening sunset, do present a region worthy to be considered the dwelling place of the immortals. When once the idea had been formed, Each peak would have its own deity, and the chronicler, plunging into ethereal space, could very much have his own way as regards gods and mountain tops, concerning which very little was known with certainty, by the vulgar. At an earlier date the changes would have been rung upon the earlier deities of old Hinduism, but even in this mass of rubbish we find signs of progress of the human intellect, for, when Nanuk and his two companions flew up to these heights, where there was nothing but snow and where the birds could not reach, they found seated there amidst his disciples, the great sectarian teacher Gorucknauth who had immediately preceded Nanuk in the work of freeing the Hindu intellect. This downward step of theogony can only be illustrated to European notions by supposing a Protestant Heaven

ruled over by Luther and Crammer, or a Low Church Mt. Hermon occupied by Wesley and Robert Hall. Of course in this truth-loving narrative every other Guru, Faquir, must be placed in a position of inferiority : their arguments are made futile, their miracles ridiculous : all tried to make Nanuk their disciple, like Pharaoh's Magicians all strive in vain to rival the miracles of Moses. Here however again the dogma of theological schools peeps out, showing that the superiority of Nanuk was not conceded even by the chronicler from some innate Divinity, as Krishna, or from brute power, as Siva, but from the gift of a more excellent understanding and a deeper knowledge of things unknown. Gorucknauth and his followers in vain submitted the new comer to a rigid examination, formularized into questions. Naunk passed the highest standard, resisted all their blandishments, outargued all their arguments, proved himself to be perfect and compelled them to give way.

Murdana remarked that he could see no sun. Nanuk informed him that luminary was far below them : he then explained to him in detail the position of the celestial bodies. They passed on from peak to peak, and found eremites living on fruits, and worshipping God : they saw wonderful animals, and especially tigers, who were suffering from hunger on account of crime; the Guru received honour from all, for in this strange narrative animals are invested with caste, customs, and modes of thinking, nor were they considered unfit objects of divine illumination, or of becoming disciples.

At length in their upward flight they reached Dhru, or the Pole Star. The Bhungur, or Saint, who was seated alone in that solitary heights, told them that only one person had been there before Nanuk that was Kubeer, the greatest of the modern teachers, who had in fact shown the way to the reformation of Nenuk. At that point Nanuk left his two followers, and proceeded alone to the residence of the Almighty, which was in sight from this place, and they beheld Nanuk enter the palace gates, and stand before the throne of Narayun, over whose head Kubeer, the only other person present, was waving a Chourie. The lord of the universe asked him whether the work for which he was sent into the world, was done-viz, the reformation of mankind. Nnuk replied that he had instructed many sinners in Jumbodwipa or India, but that he had all the rest of the world to go to. Narayun smiled, and was pleased, and the teacher returned.

Think not that thought of impiety is meant in this narrative; it is a type of the school to which Nanuk belonged. The old Hindu Ascetic of the heroic age was a moral Titan, who attempted to scale heaven by heaping works upon works, and making the vulgar gods tremble for their sensual supremacy. These Munees ate so fully of the forbidden tree of Knowledge, that the gods feared lest they should become one of them, and so they were expelled from Paradise: or they tried to erect a tower which would reach to heaven, and

so dissension was sown in their camp, and they were scattered. They piled Pelion on Ossa, and they were subdued by lightning. But the modern Hindu teacher taught that heaven was to be won by purity, by knowledge and faith, and on the path that leads thither he stationed the different teachers and their schools in the degree in which they possessed those attributes, while a passionless but refined deity superintended the work, incapable of jealousy as he was unapproachable in dignity.

At length, when old age had dimmed his eye and whitened his hair, Nanak settled down in the midst of his disciples at Kartarpore on the banks of the Ravee, as poor, as simple, as benevolent, as when fifty years before he had abandoned his home and the ordinary ways of men. His primary object had been to reconcile Mahomedans to Hindus, and form a united religion. Here he had failed, but he had formed in the bosom of Hinduism a sect which was destined to take root, though the oppressions of the Mahomedans gave it a development far different from the intentions of the founder. He was determined to avoid the snare of an hereditary priesthood, and specially excluded his two sons from the succession to his office, laying hands on one of his disciples, of a weak disposition like his own, and giving him the name of Angad, or his own flesh. The anecdotes connected with this event are worth recording. When the mother remonstrated against the supersession of her sons, the Guru made no reply: at that moment a cat flung a dead mouse at his feet, the Guru directed his sons to remove it; they drew back in all the pride of ceremonial purity, but Angad, who was of the same caste, at once obeyed the orders of his spiritual teacher, who turned to his wife, and gravely asked which was his real son. On another occasion he found himself with his disciples in a jungle, and they stumbled on a corpse. Whoever is my disciple, said the Guru, let him eat of that body. All drew back in horror but Angad, who, lifting up the sheet to obey the order found only sweet provisions. Nanuk blessed him, and told him that he would be above all, and gave him all power and wisdom, and enjoined his disciples to obey him and they did so, and Angad is the second of the teachers or kings of the Sikhs.

Soon after one of his disciples met in the jungle a heavenly messenger, who sent word by him to Nanuk that he must come away. He prepared his own funeral pile, spread the sacred Kusa grass, and sat down. Round him were assembled all his disciples, and crowds of the minor deities, the spirits of just men made perfect, eremites, saints, and holy men of promiscuous repute, assembled to witness solemn ceremony of the teacher putting off the mortal coil and being absorbed into the great essence of Divinity. He gave advice to all, told them that death was inevitable but that they should take care that their end might be, like his, happy. All wept, but his sons were still absent. As the sun rose, the Guru placed his sheet over his face, and while the Pundits chaunted hymns on the uncertainty and

shortness of life, and the deities sung out Victory he appeared to expire. At that moment, his sons came in and, thinking that he was really dead, fell at his feet in an agony of penitence, craved pardon, for one hour's delay. The Guru had sufficient strength to look up, and bless them, and then his spirit passed away. This took place in the year 1539 A.d.

Many Mahomedans were present, and declared that they would bury him as their co-religionist: the Hindus however prepared to burn him, and a great disturbance was apprehended, when happening to look under the sheet, they found the body gone, having been mysteriously removed. The two factions divided the sheet, and one-half buried and the other burnt.

Scattered over the country are shrines where his shoes or his staff, or his couch are religiously preserved; his words have been collected into a volume, and three hundred years, which have elapsed since his death, have only sanctified the memory of his mild virtues, though the object of his Mission entirely failed, and a more intense hatred sprung up in this part of India betwixt Hindu and Mahomedan than elsewhere. Of his two sons one founded the monastic institution of the Oodasees, whose converts are rich and of high estimation throughout the Punjab, and are not without their religious and secular advantages. The other son is the ancestor of that presumptuous and worthless race, the Bedees, who, trading on the great name of their ancestor, put all the disciples under contribution with the object of supporting their useless slaves, while their hands have been dyed for centuries with the blood of their female children, and the sweet names of daughter, sister and aunt are unknown among them. It is hard to say the descendants of which son have most entirely set at nought the precepts of their ancestor, for while the Oodasees seek virtue by shunning the duties and pains of life, the wicked Bedees cloak their abominable sin under the garb of hereditary sanctity, and try to draw to themselves from the simple people that homage which is due only to God.

SECTION 3

We have stated that Nanuk was contemporary with Baber, the founder of the great Mogul dynasty. Angad succeeded him in his spiritual rule, and died in 1552 transmitting his staff to his disciple Amur Dass who reigned till 1574, and to him succeeded in peace Ram Dass, his predecessors having dwelt in political obscurity at Khudoor and Goindwal on the Beas. To Ram Dass in 1581 succeeded the fifth king, Arjun, who was imprisoned at Lahore by the Local Governor, and died in 1660. These were the great days of the Mogul dynasty; to Baber had succeeded Humayun, and to him Akhbur and Shahjehan. Lahore had become the residence of Jehangheer, who, occupied in his splendor and cares of state, thought little of the disciples of Nanuk, as he made his annual progress along the Imperial Road, still marked by the ruined serai, and the obelisk telling the Imperial Koss, to the passes of

Bhimbur, Pinjal and the happy valley of Cashmere. On this road thither Jehangheer died, and his body is buried at Shahduruh over against Lahore on the banks of the Ravee. Under Aurungzeb began the reign of religious persecution, and, as the vigour of the Mahomedan Empire relaxed, the Mahrattas in the South and the Sikhs in the North began to raise the standard of revolt and the sacred tank at Amritsar became the centre of a religious and national movement, at the head of which was Hurgovind, the sixth king or Guru. His son Tegh Bahadur, the ninth king, was mercilessly beheaded at Delhi in 1675, an act never forgiven or forgotten by the Sikhs, and never thoroughly expiated till 1857, when the Sikhs plundered Delhi under English guidance, and put an end to the Mogul dynasty. Prophecies were current on this subject, and the general belief was that under a sovereign named Duleep the Khalsa was to take Delhi. Some how or other the thread of prophecy was hopelessly entangled, for when the Emperor asked the dying Guru what he was looking at so steadfastly I see, said he the Lal Kurties, who are on their road to Destroy your palace.

Bahadur Shah, succeeded Aurungzeb and he met Govind the son and successor of Tegh Bahadur face to face, spared his life, and let him return to his country to be the tenth, the last, and the greatest prophet and king. Sad was now the state of these provinces amidst invasion, anarchy and misrule. Sovereigns too weak to rule, a people too strong to submit, religious intolerance; national revenge hounded on by deep sense of wrong, and the unnatural energy of a new religious organisation. From the Chenab to the Sutlej, and beyond that river to the Jumna, the great hearts of the people vibrated under a temporary madness. They saw their last prophet abandon his country in despair his wife and his four sons being murdered, and lay down his weary life on the banks of the Godavery in 1708. No one succeeded him. The great office of teacher, or spiritual king, of which Nanuk was the first, ended in Govind. He came to restore peace to the world, but his descendants had become a sword. As if the fall of an Empire and the intestine struggles of races, religions, and provinces, were not enough, foreign invasion was now added. The countries beyond the Indus poured forth her continual swarm of locusts and these unhappy Provinces became the theatre of war betwixt the Afghans, the Persians, the satraps of India and the distant Mahrattas mingled in the strife, crossed the Beas and occupied Lahore.

No historian has recorded the miseries of those periods. Rich countries situated on the highway of nations are particularly liable to be thus victimized. Such was Judaea in the struggles of ancient days; such are Belgium, the Danubian provinces, and Lombardy, in modern times. The battle of Panipat had the effect of clearing the atmosphere by exhausting both parties, and the grandeur and extent of the contest then carried on in these plains may be imagined, when it is recorded that the survivors of that great battle of the world retired to Candahar, and Poonah respectively, and it so happened that the year 1759, precisely one hundred years ago, the inhabitants, of the countries betwixt the Chenab and the Sutlej

found, when the dust of the storm cleared away, that the combatants had retired on both sides, and that they were free. That year 1816 Bikrami according to their reckoning was a wonderful year; they would like to renew the events of that year on its centenary; they have the wish, the daring, and the hope if we give them the opportunity. It was then that they assembled their solemn Council at the tank of Amritsar, and proceeded to partition the vacant country among the twelve camps, and tribes, into which they were divided. They had been the cultivators and owners of the soil; they had taken to arms, and they now settled down as Lords and petty Chiefs, but not generally in their own immediate neighbourhood, and it often happened that a petty shareholder in one of the Majha villages was the feudal chieftain at the same time of a large tract of country, but he still fondly cherished his ancestral property and village title. The Raja of Naba still calls himself Chowdry. So exposed to their mercy was the country when the Mahomedans fell back on either side to Delhi and Peshawur, that single horsemen spread far and wide to take nominal possession of as many villages as possible by flinging a belt or a turban into each, and then passing on to annex more.

There is no doubt, however, that rude as was the Government, and uncertain the tenure of power, the country recovered itself. Villages were again restored, population increased; the curse of the foreign conqueror, and the tramp of large armies, were removed. The Chiefs were too weak to be very tyrannical, and their general sympathies were with their subjects, from whom they were but little removed; in education or feeling. They had no foreign support to back them up, on the contrary they had jealous and unscrupulous neighbours who were ready to absorb them. Nearly half a century passed away in this way, when the great absorber came in the person of Runjeet Singh who, like the ogre in the story-book, deliberately ate all his petty neighbours one by one. If the Chief had no children, he declared himself the heir; if he had a daughter he made himself son-in-law; if he had intestine quarrels with his children, his brethren, or his wives, Runjeet Singh appeared as mediator; if his neighbours were strong or of the Mahomedan religion, he deliberately attacked them till they gave in, if they were weak and helpless, he pensioned them. Different causes however, gave one and the same result, and by A.D. 1820 they became his subjects, and their territories became his. Still it was all in the name of the great Sikh nation, and the people felt themselves exalted in his aggrandisement. But with his death the great unwelded mass fell to pieces. As it happened to Judaea which was for so many years the prey of their neighbours the Assyrian and the Egyptian; a great and stern people of whom they had known nothing, dwelling like the Romans in countries far beyond the seas, came suddenly on the stage and worked out the mighty programme which had two thousand years before been sketched by Alexander.

The rule of the stranger has been gentle on this country; as we heard a citizen remark, they scarcely felt that they were ruled, for they miss the scorpion rod and the arbitrary impost.

They do indeed regret that oxen are slaughtered, and girl-murder punished. Memory does gild with a romantic halo the good old time of raids and plunder, but as yet they have borne these calamities without rebellion and if we continue to be strong they may continue to bear. The country fell into the hands of a particular school who, if they erred, in favour of the people—a school greater in politics, than in finance; for with one hand they alienated broadcast the sources of revenue, to keep up a bastard aristocracy and a degraded priesthood, and with the other drew on the revenues of India with a lavish and reckless expenditure. For a period of transition this may have been a wise policy, and it has enabled us to weather the storm; but for a permanency which but for the stern interference of the head of the Government of India it would have been, it meant bankruptcy. This was foreseen by that one man whose name has become a household word, and he protested in time. Not that he cared not for the people, not that his heart was not tender to the wants and woes of the millions. There was something in the brawny shoulders, and rough manners, and independent bearing of the Sikh peasantry that was congenial to him. If the doctrine of transmigration were still believed, we might believe that he had been in some former state, or would be in some future, a Jut yeoman. But he felt that after all money is the sinew of the state, and, if one quarter of the land tax is alienated in perpetuity, and another quarter granted away in pensions, insolvency must follow. How that wonderful feelings of sympathy for the Jagheedar the Inamadar and the Pensioner ever came into existence, is to us a marvel. It would not be popular in England to pay taxes to support of the family of one who had done good service (as for instance the Duke of Marlborough who receives a pension from the Post Office), would the people of England tolerate that on the extinction of his line, he should adopt others, or will away the State Revenue. Yet this is the real truth of that great grievance which so vexes Western and Southern India, which by early gathering in our harvest in the North we have practically solved.

The extent of land still alienated for life or lives in the tract under description is enormous. Death has been busy and proved our best ally. The rapacious Deewan, who fattened on the land, has gone to his account; he never rendered a true one in this world: the wily scribe, who aped the name, and appearance of poverty while he rolled in wealth, is now poor indeed: the plunderers of provinces, the haughty dissipated noble, the blood-stained soldier of fortune, the perjured Rajahs the slayers of their sovereigns and their own flesh and blood for their ambitious purposes, have all passed away. Their likenesses still hang round the walls of the museum at Lahore decked with earrings and the insignia of barbaric pomp but their place knows them no more. One old man of the court of Runjeet Singh remains—and adventurer from the British provinces, who by fair and foul, raised himself to greatness, and sold the Sikh Army to the English at Ferozshuhr, for which achievement

he is handed down as a traitor in the legendary ballads of the people. So entirely has the scene changed in fifteen years, that those who have known the country for that period startle when they think of it. It seems like the tuning of a Kaleidoscope since that brilliant Court glittering in jewels and silks, stained with every crime human and inhuman, devoid of public or private virtue and decency held here its butterfly pomp, ere the strong wind from the West swept them away.

The last days of these provinces have been marked by most unsuccessful mutiny, and most prodigious massacre. Mutiny appears to be indigenous in the soil, from the days that Alexander's soldiers mutined because they wished to return to Macedon, and Thessaly, to this present hour, when Britons, forgetting their duty, jeopardize an Empire. At Meean Meer, Mooltan and Sealkote in our last troubles mutinies took place, which were met so promptly and punished so terribly, that future historians will draw their breath for a while, ere they accept as facts, what we know to be such. From Sealkot the mutineers were hurrying across the Ravee and the Beas, intending to compel other regiments to join them, when they were met at Trimmoo Ghaut on the former river by a force which must have appeared to them to have sprung from the ground. They had forded the stream in the morning, but after the battle the river fought against them, for it had swollen since morning and hundreds were carried away. No quarter was given, and for several days, after, shooting parties were told off each evening to dispose of the fugitives captured during the day. A darker tragedy followed next month, when a regiment mutined, and broke away from Meean Meer. They were met on the Ravee captured and destroyed: their destruction saved hundreds of lives, and was a stern necessity, the occurrence of which we must ever regret, but, when the precise position of British affairs in the Punjab is considered, there were but two alternatives—to exterminate them, or to submit to be exterminated ourselves. Let those who from a distance judge harshly, consider the position. We who, long after passions have been calmed have stood on the mound which marks the grave of the Mutineers have arrived at the deep conviction that it was merciful disposition of Providence that their career should end there,

SECTION 4

Of the century of Sikh rule there are three Memorials, which will enable us to form a judgment as to the manner of men who preceded us in the empire of those provinces. All are falling into decay, and we trust that in a few years they will have passed away. A few lines on each may not be an inappropriate conclusion. They are the Pension List, the Jagheerdar, and the Temple at Amritsur.

This has always to us been a wonder to contemplate the liberality, the lavish, with which the Anglo-Indian Government provided for the refuse, the degraded members and followers of former dynasties and the niggardliness shown towards their own servants and public works. Millions have been spent on the most worthless of men: the adoptive father

of Nana Sahib drew more than two millions and his precious cousin in the Banda district drew two millions beside. It may be urged that these pensions were hastily granted for great public objects at a time when we were not so strong, and that the grants, though upheld, were disapproved of. But, when the Punjab was annexed after fair fight, and when already financial difficulties were looming in the distance, the same prodigality marked our policy. We succeeded to a system of the most degraded and dissolute kind and there was no necessity to provide for the attendants of such a Court. But the following are the kind of persons whose precious existence is provided for without fail by the paternal Government, while it is borrowing millions, and retrenching the salaries of its own servants: Palanquin bearers, Chowree wavers, Furashes umlvella Carriers, keepers of the chairs, families of deceased waterpot carriers, barbers, cooks, wives and daughters of deceased Moonshees slave girls, aged courtezans described as favourite concubines of Maharaja Runjeet Singh, the daughter of another and the sister of a third equally disreputable, and unblushingly described as such : relations of the mistress of General Allard; every kind of priest, fuqueer, saint, Guru, Brmahi, fortune teller, of many of whom the pedigrees have to be preserved, some according to the flesh, as a furash or waterpot carrier or cook may be supposed to prepetuate his race in the flesh; others by the spirit as the saintly folk in the end of the list continue, their race by the imposition of lands.

But the particular pension list of the family of the late Maharaja is something appalling. He appears to have had above twenty Ranees: some of them were good enough to ascend the funeral pile in his company, some were comforted in his absence. They belong to all castes and districts, and when at Lahore, they dwelt in little pigeon holes round the famous tower called the Summun Burj. Attached to each were slave girls without number poor wretched females, who were sold from their homes in their youth, and had no relations or social position. Twice has the cruel fate of the female slaves of India been forced on our notice once in the Punjaub when an attempt was made to distribute the slaves in their respective villages, if their friends would take them back. Eight wretched old women were thus consigned to us, not in any way realizing the ideal of the slave of the Harem but on inquiry in their villages, they had been forgotten, there was no one to receive them, and the paternal Government has to cherish them from its own resources. On another occasion in central India a mother and her daughter had escaped from the walls of the palace of a Nuwaub, and sought our protection. Their names were demanded and their parentage; the elder female had a father, but as to her daughter she stated calmly that she was a slave, and uncertain as to the precise parentage of her child. She was born in the Nuwaub's house. Still sympathy is felt by some for the royal and noble families, as they topple over and their impure interiors are exposed, and in maintaining such establishments as these, more than forty thousand pounds sterling per annum are expended yearly at Lahore. Now that the salaries of the General, and the Judge and the

staff Officer are being clipped, is it too much to suggest to the financiers of India that the assignments and allowances of the families of cooks might bear reconsideration? At any rate let the lavish hand for the future be stayed; let us be just before we are generous.

The Jagerdar is a remnant of a former age, a specimen caught alive of a former geological period. He may have been useful, and a source of strength to former Governments: he is not so to the British Government, for his very existence is an anachronism. He feels that he is an absorbing element, and that the grave is gaping for him. We have known them during the time of their Empire, when fine feathers made them fine birds. We have known them during the time of their absorbing process, and in prosperity and adversity to our minds they are the lowest type of that genus, which has usurped to itself in most countries the privilege of preying on the labours of others. Utterly devoid of public feeling, of care for anybody but themselves, rude, unlettered, low in mind, in acts, and habits the drones of society, their extinction will be hailed by the people and by the Government. About them cluster the priest, the bawd, the dangler, the musician the general panderer to the passions. These worthies gather round their sensuous lord to extract money from his fears, his passions, and his gross delights. Ever hostile in heart to the great Government under whose shadow he exists, his ears prick up and his eyes brighten when he hears of disaster, true or invented. But visit him in his rural home, in his rude plenty, amidst his retainers, his cattle and the garnered stores of his past harvests, listen to his hearty welcome in the gateway, his professions of devotion, and his patriarchal manner-but that we know his antecedents we might carry away the impression that he was the most charming of old men, and wonder at the rude assault made by narrow-minded politicians at the last of the Barons. Strange to say the middle classes of England supply the most determined champions of the pseudo-aristocracy of the East.

The Temple Sri Harimandir :

But the great Temple will ever stand forth as the most remarkable MONUMENT of the Sikh people. In the heart of the city of Amritsur is the famous tank, from which the name is derived, and here centres all the national pride and religious fervour of the people. In the early struggles with the Mahomedans this sacred spot was more than once defiled by the slaughter of oxen in the hopes of putting-down the nascent faith, but to no purpose. No sooner had the storm blown over, than the waters were again consecrated, and again the faithful assembled. Thither the tribes went up, year after year, on their solemn feast days in the spring and the autumn; there they took council in the hour of affliction, and there they gathered and divided their spoils when triumphant. A vast city has sprung up round about, and commerce, here as elsewhere, has waited as the handmaid of religion. The Sikh dwelling in villages, on the occasion of his annual pilgrimage purchased those rude luxuries at the fair, and the excitement of pleasure and

sightseeing, the freedom from restraint, and the novelty of the journey soon added that powerful zest to what was originally a duty as a pilgrimage. When Runjeet Singh had converted the great commonwealth into an Empire and centred himself all the wealth and power of the nation he affected the deepest religious feelings, and the greatest enthusiasm for the holy place. In the centre of the tank rose a gorgeous temple of marble, the roof and minarets being encased in gilded metal: marble pavement, fresco paintings added to the splendour of the scene, and round the outer circle sprung up a succession of stately buildings for the accommodation of the sovereign and his Court. The establishment of a noble was complete who had his "bhoonga" at Amritsar.

The sight from the roof of the royal bhoonga is one of the most imposing in the world. The worship of the heathen lies before us in all its glory. We have stood on the tower of Fort Antonia at Jerusalem, and tried to conjure up the appearance of the Courts of the Lord's House in the days of the splendour of the Jewish hierarchy. From the roof of the ruined Parthenon we have looked over the inclosure of the Acropolis. But for neither of these ancient temples, nor for the great fane of Diana at Ephesus, can we imagine a more venerable, brilliant appearance, either the time when the Passover, or the great Panathenaeic festival, gathered the thousands of worshippers within their portals. It is a strange, and solemn scene, lofty minarets stand as sentinels on one side; the umbrageous foliage of trees sets off the white radiance of the marble and the masonry; the rich gilding of the domes is reflected in the waters; pigeons without number fly over the open space; and from below comes up a hum of men and women, bathing and praying, or reverently making the threefold circle of the sanctuary, from the interior of which comes forth the murmur of psalms, chanting the sacred volume to accompaniment of stringed instruments.

No European shoe is allowed to violate sacred threshold; the visitor must either do so barefooted, or encase his feet in slippers prepared for the purpose. Not a quarter of a century ago Lord Auckland, the Governor General of India, reverently laid bags of silver as an offering of the British Government on the holy of holies. When the country was occupied, the profoundest respect was shewn to the Temple and all connected with it, and even to this day its affairs are superintended by British officials, who take heed that the revenue set apart for the repairs of the building are properly expended, and that the offerings of cakes and cash are fairly distributed among the tribes of hungry attendants, who have gathered round like vultures. These people appear to have acquired hereditary right, but their conduct and bearing is that of the sons of Eli, and ceasing to care for their religious character, or for popular influence they vex the local Courts with their petty squabbles for a fractional share of the offerings; and into these nauseous details, into their

disposition of unhallowed things, to which the double meaning of anathema applies, the servants of a Christian Government are constrained to enter. Strange names, and strange office, thus became familiar. We have a body of Grunthees, or readers of the sacred Grunth corresponding with Prebends of a Cathedral, except that the principle of hereditary succession has rendered much knowledge of the contents of the volume unnecessary. Beneath them come a most disreputable body of acolytes, or minor canons, who ought to perform the service of the Temple as the ministering levites, but who have adopted secular habits become moneylenders, extortioners, and given to them title of Poojarree anything but the odour of sanctity. Beneath them come the choir, or singing men, known as Ragees, who sing hymns and chaunt the text of the sacred volumes in a manner unintelligible to the understanding, and unpleasing to the hearing. These are all Sikhs, and may at least have the credit of believing what they practise, but there is a fourth body, who are composed entirely of Mahomedans and who still are not ashamed to lend their vocal powers to the service of the heathen. These compose the orchestra, and extract inharmonious sounds by sweeping the strings of fat-bellied barbytons, called Rubabs, whence they are called Rubabees. These men claim to themselves the honour of being descended from that Murdhana who accompanied Nanuk in his travels. Like their ancestor, they are a hungry lot.

Such is the great Temple of the Sikhs, protected and endowed by the paternal Government, the centre of the hopes and aspirations of a great people, and which may some day prove the rallying point of our enemies. Leave it to itself and withdraw from it the patronage of the State, resume the lands set aside for the support of the brotherhood of Grunthees, Poojarees, Ragees, and Rubabees, and the splendour of the institution will pass away. The gilded dome will lose its lustre, the marble walls will fall out of repair. The great Temple, with its assigned revenues and its stately establishments, will no longer be a snare for the vulgar, who are ever deceived by outward show. To act thus would be to act impartially, and in accordance with the true principles of non-interference. No necessities of State policy appear to justify the contrary policy. Nor do these necessities exist.

0—0